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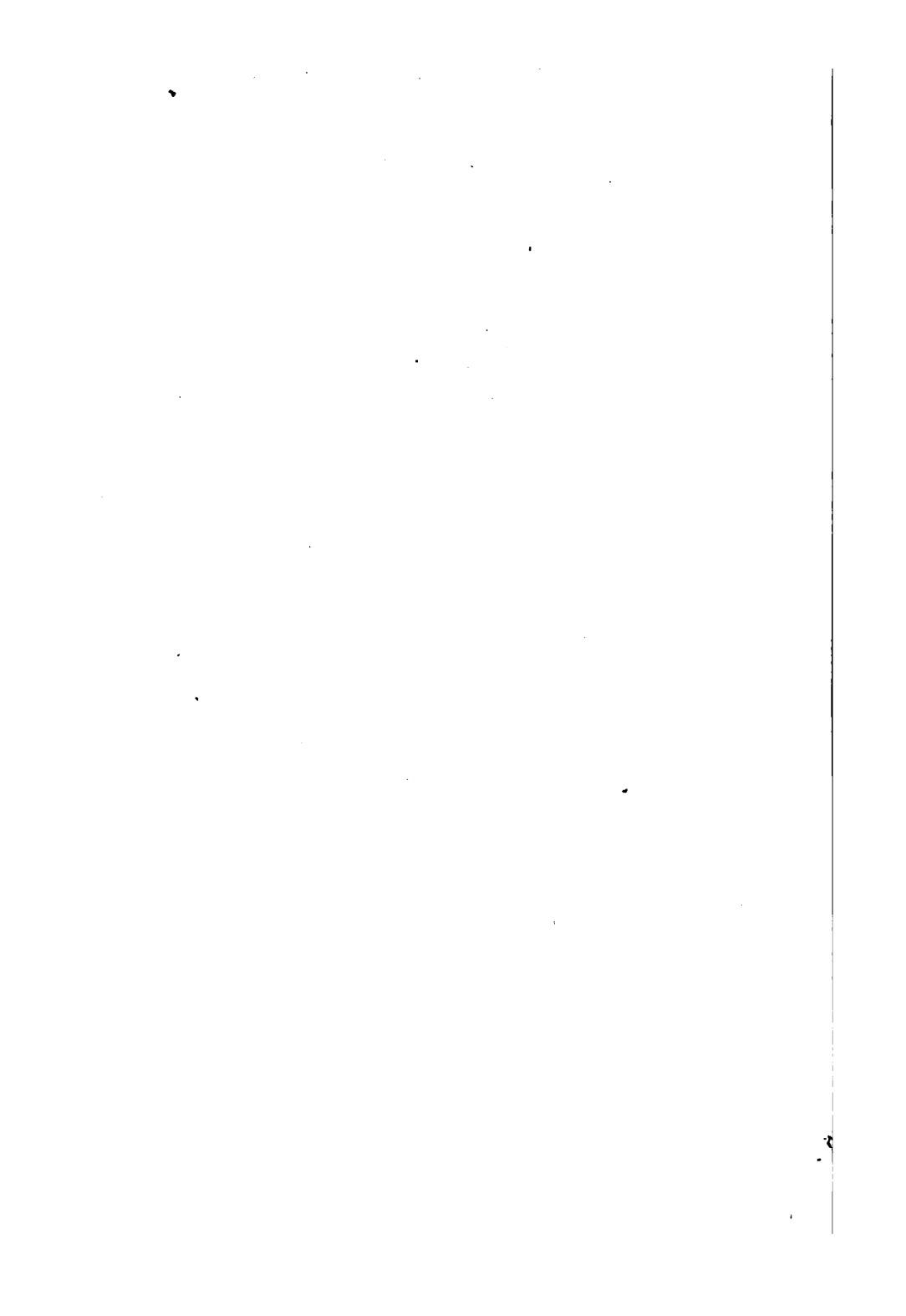
ANNIVERSARY
OF OUR LORD'S
LAST SUPPER





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OBSERVATIONS

ON

CELEBRATING THE ANNIVERSARY OF OUR SAVIOUR'S

INSTITUTING

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY

HENRY HAWKES, B.A., F.L.S.

WITH AN ANNIVERSARY SERVICE, AND SELECTIONS FROM
SCRIPTURE FOR USE AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

FIFTH EDITION.

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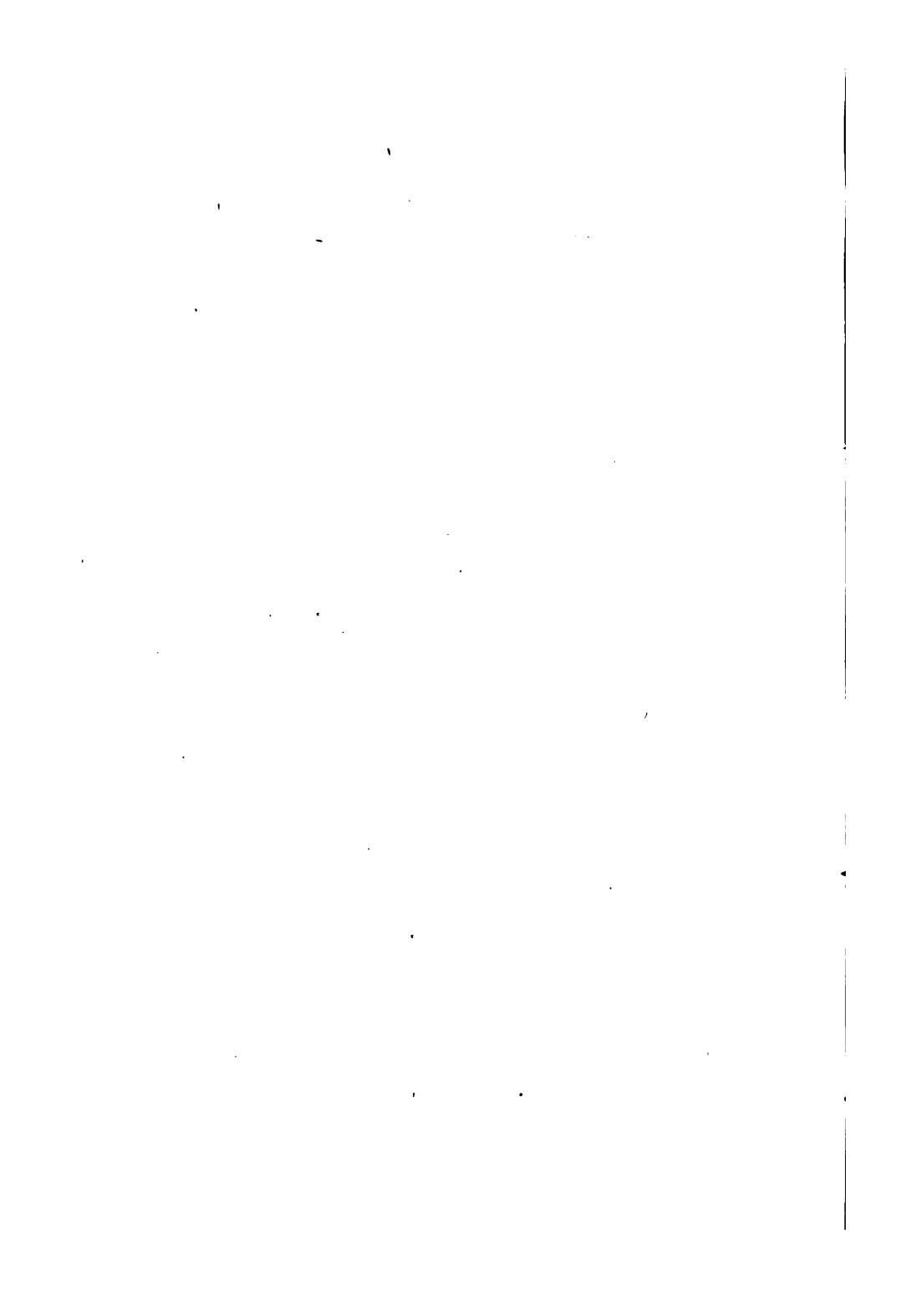
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OBSERVATIONS.

I.

WHEN recently residing for a time with a highly esteemed Friend, for the recovery of health and strength after illness, in our conversations I rejoiced to see his ready sympathy when I told him that last year we had begun at Portsmouth to celebrate the Anniversary of our Saviour's instituting the Lord's Supper. This responsive interest I was sure he would feel, but his request immediately after took me by surprise: "But now the season is about returning again; this is just the time to put others in mind of it; how desirable that some communication should besent to the periodicals, describing the delightful Solemnity, to induce others to begin with the next anniversary! Will not you send something of the kind?" My reply was a decided negative, and for the time the subject dropped. But though so

unprepared for it, his suggestion weighed with me,—not a little impressed by his instant, spontaneous beam of joy at hearing of such a celebration, and his heart-warming earnestness of appeal. If we enjoyed it so much at Portsmouth, why should not others have the same enjoyment? If the Observance be so spirit-stirring, why should not Christians in general be induced to solemnize it? These questions, and many such, came crowding upon me; night and morning they animated my thoughts, as I went to rest and rose from sleep; and during the day they grew upon me, till I began to feel it almost a duty to make more generally known that, after long and calm deliberation, we had resolved, without one dissentient voice in the Congregation, to begin to celebrate the Anniversary, and how effective the first celebration had been.

I shall never forget that evening, and I feel sure there are many others who never will. It was solemnly delightful: it was unlike everything else we had enjoyed together as a Brotherhood of Christians. The darkness of night, the stillness of the hour, and the thrilling

consciousness that at such an hour the self-devoting Jesus gave us this Memorial,—all conspired to animate us. There was a peculiar concentration of mind and feeling. The very fact that we were come up to the house of God for the express purpose of partaking of the Lord's Supper, not a little conduced to this intensity of devotion. We were not now a few remaining after the usual services of the Lord's day, when the rest of our fellow-worshipers had risen from their places and gone out, and shown by their absence that they felt little or no interest in what we were left to solemnize alone;—a feeling so often chilling to the scanty remnant. Nor were we about to enter on a second service, after our minds were pre-occupied by a former, and more lengthened, and varied succession of prayer, and praise, and Scripture meditation, and pastoral address. We were now come up to the Lord's Table for this one all-absorbing enjoyment, with minds fresh to perceive, and affections wrought high from long expectation.

For years I had been desirous of such a Celebration; but it was only by slow degrees

that friend after friend began to see it in the same light. There was no precedent for it; it would seem remarkable; it was a bold step; no other Congregation did it; why should we be the first? But patient waiting, and pleasant persevering conversation on the subject with individuals and in families, gradually saw every hindrance subside, and at length the happy time came when all were of themselves ready for it; some sat down who had never joined us before at the Lord's Table, and an interest was called forth, which probably none of the most constant of our communicants had ever felt before. It was a known date. Not of the shadowy past were we then speaking; it was a time fixed by the Mosaic law, marked by the returning rounds of those lights of the firmament that shone then, and shine now. There was a certainty, that seemed to join us more closely to Jesus;—a felt reality, like inspiration. Calm and warm the spirit rose, our souls deepened in tone, and we returned strengthened in the Lord, knit together in more fervent ties of brotherhood.

That this should never have become a

prevailing Observance among Christians astonishes me. While other events of uncertain date, some without a clue to their discovery, have had each their day appointed for annual celebration;—this, fixed and certain, has been neglected. It is not sufficient that the Lord's Supper is solemnized at more frequent intervals; this is excellent; we have it every month, and in sick chambers whenever the suffering disciple desires it. My heart's prayer is, that disciples may more commonly seek this source of comfort in their afflictions, this fountain of life in their joys. But this is no reason to me why we should not enjoy, as often as the time of the Passover comes round, the more intense delight of celebrating together the very evening that our Lord reclined at table with his friends for the last time before his crucifixion, and broke bread before them, and took the cup and gave it to them, prophetic of his own body and blood that should soon be offered up for them on the cross, and said, “This do in remembrance of me.”

I hesitated for some time before fixing on the evening, because of the variations in the time for observing the season of the Passover

which had occurred since our Lord's crucifixion. But as the Friday, commonly regarded amongst us as the anniversary of the Friday on which our Saviour died, was sufficiently near the time of year for the spirit of the Observance,—as the Sunday following was commonly ushered in by our anniversary rejoicings at our Lord's triumphant resurrection from the dead,—and as it was the Thursday evening previous to his resurrection that our Lord instituted the Memorial:—these associations, already habitual to us, seemed to fix the Thursday evening immediately preceding Good Friday as the most appropriate time for our annual Celebration. And on this evening we began it.

Two brother Ministers assisted in the service. The one offered up the introductory, the other the concluding devotions; I delivered the address, and broke the bread and poured out the wine; they took them round to the Congregation, while I repeated portions of Scripture of kindred import. In the hope that the first Anniversary Service may warm other hearts to the Observance, I subjoin it. The hymns are by Mrs. Barbauld.

Southsea, February 7th, 1844.

II.

To H. E. H——, Esq.

IT is now three years, my dear Friend, since your happy home offered a retreat to an invalid rising as if from the edge of the grave. That first evening is still fresh in my mind, when, soon wearied even with your kindly sympathies, I was left alone on the sofa in the drawing-room, while you all assembled in the music-room for evening prayers, and the door was set open that I might hear your devotions. After you had read aloud with fatherly earnestness the portion from the sacred volume, there was a pause; and the gentle voice of your excellent wife, herself in delicate health, was heard reading the hymn with maternal tenderness; and the organ, with all your voices,—those of the children and the servants not the least aspiring,—swelled the glad offering of praise. O my Friend, I could have wept like a child, so unut-

terable was my delight! And then again there was a pause, and a little rustling, as of going down upon your knees, and all was still; and the father's voice was heard in manly prayer for all dear to him,—his wife, his children, his kindred, his domestics, and his friend now cherished under his roof. You may remember with what fervour I rose to greet you as you returned into the drawing-room; my yearning desire was, that many, many more of our families could be won into the same heavenly privilege. We want more of this family worship: it would clothe those beautiful discoveries of the spiritual universe in which we so exultingly roam free, with more of that near personal affection, as of children to a Father,—more of that social loving piety, the want of which we have so deeply to lament. While religion as a science is shining forth with a glory transcendently awakening to the most cultivated nations of the world, I sometimes fear that we are losing from amongst us much of that practical fervency of spirit, that self-devoting watchfulness and prayer, which are to imbue the beautiful ideal with life, and make our

religion the warm cherishing friend of our joys and sorrows.

Since then your home has been consecrated to another affecting Solemnity. The eve of the following Good Friday did not find you unmindful of that Anniversary Celebration which you rejoiced to hear had been commenced among friends elsewhere in commemoration of our Saviour's instituting the Lord's Supper. You have entered into our joy, and you know its impressiveness. We have since heard of other Christian Brotherhoods warming to kindred interest, and some beginning the same annual Observance; but as yet these latter are very few. I would willingly hope that, with the approaching spring, others will have come to the resolution to solemnize this intensely interesting Anniversary. The suggestion has now become extensively known; with scarcely an exception, those with whom I have communicated on the subject (and they are many), have been lively in their approval. Persons widely differing in other religious views, have cordially agreed in this; have expressed their astonishment that such a Celebration had never

been thought of before; and their desire that it might become universal. To those of us, my Friend, who have begun to feel its soul-renewing power, bright glimpses of the future will shine in prophetic at intervals to cheer us on. So moving a Memorial of the Saviour, who laid down his life for us, will find other hearts to feel with it; and those who feel its worth—will they not be active to make that worth known to others? A Solemnity so appealing to the generous affections will become more influential to every individual worshiper, as he knows that more and more of his brethren partake in its blessedness; and what may this one day become? If it be so delightful for a few friends to assemble around the Lord's Table to celebrate the Feast, what might be the influence if a whole Congregation were to sit down with one accord? What awakening power should go forth with that bread broken before them, and that cup of Remembrance! And if so with one Christian community, what shall be the power of this Anniversary, when, on one and the same evening, many Brotherhoods of different denominations, in distant parts,

shall with one heart and one soul do this in remembrance of their universal Redeemer?

In the spring of the present year we had a venerable testimony to the consoling influence of this Memorial in the most awful of mortal trials. I had been called away from my beloved Flock to the bedside of my father in his last illness. For weeks he lingered on the verge of dissolution, conscious that his great change was near, and beautifully clear and composed in mind. He had laboured for nearly fifty years as a Christian Minister, devoting himself to the welfare of others, emphatically known and blessed as the poor man's Friend; and now he was reaping his reward. Mild, patient, and humble, he felt that an almighty and most merciful Father was with him, and he was resigned and cheerful. He wished to live, but his aspiration was, "The will of the Lord be done!" Conversing with me one day on death, he said, "You know, it is the arrangement of a Father for his children,—it is going home; we do not take leave as though we should never meet again. With such views, death is not dreadful." "Oh no!" I said, "the

prospect is rather triumphant," "Yes," he exclaimed with energy, raising his head a little from the pillow, "I triumph, I triumph! But," —in a subdued tone, his head falling forward instantly on his bosom exhausted,—"humbly, —humbly: I triumph—humbly." Soon after he said,—faint, but clear, as if musing to himself,—"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" On the Sunday preceding Easter Sunday, he observed me reading for some time in silence, and I told him I had been reading in the Gospels the history of our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem, when the people tore down palm-branches and strewed them in his way, and made the air ring with their hosannas; and that I intended to follow Jesus day by day through that eventful week, to his crucifixion, burial, and resurrection. He quickened to the thought, and said with deep earnestness, "Portions of Scripture should be read more in such connexion: it would add wonderfully to their interest." He referred many times during that week to our Anniversary at Portsmouth, which from the first he had regarded with great satisfaction. Though

we were now more than two hundred and fifty miles apart, we seemed one with our Friends there in spirit. On the Thursday he was exceedingly feeble; but in the evening, when we felt sure our Friends at Portsmouth were assembled around the Lord's Table, he desired me to read to him the Anniversary Service as we first solemnized it; and at the close, he could just articulate, "Delightfully interesting associations!" his eye for a moment beaming more than his voice could utter.

My Friend, that such blessed influences may be more extensively enjoyed, I am sure you will join in the ardent prayer of your brother in Christ.

December 30th, 1846.

III.

HEAVENLY SENTENCES.

THESE portions of Sacred Scripture, selected about eight years ago for my own use at the Lord's Table, are now added at the suggestion of a patriarchal Friend, who, after using part of them in conducting our Anniversary Commemoration in the year 1849, expressed an earnest desire, that "the precious little Manual," as he fervently designated them, might be rendered more generally available, not only for the Lord's Table, but also as a companion for private devotion, and for comfort in the sick-room. May the blessing of God attend it !

March 29th, 1851.

1.

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.
Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away
the sin of the world.

By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things ?

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God.

He gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Though he was a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered ; and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation to all them that obey him.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

He that hath the Son hath life.

The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ.

God, even our Father, who hath loved us, hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace.

He hath abolished death, and hath brought

life and immortality to light through the Gospel.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

Ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him.

2.

Christ suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.

He was led as a lamb to the slaughter ; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Christ hath suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ?

In all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear ; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

Ye are all the children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus.

Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.

Unto you who believe he is precious.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another ; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

I am the resurrection and the life : he that

believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself ; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you.

Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you.

I ascend to my Father, and your Father ; to my God, and your God.

O righteous Father, the world hath not known thee : but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me.

I pray for them.

This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me.

The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption.

It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory.

It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power.

It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body.

The first man is of the earth, earthly: the second man is the Lord from heaven.

As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

So when this corruptible shall have put on

incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

O Death, where is thy sting ? O Grave, where is thy victory ?

The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law.

But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

3.

God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

Christ Jesus is the Mediator of a better covenant.

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ ?

The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ ? . . .

For we being many are one bread, and one body: for we are all partakers of that one bread.

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.

Holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus.

Such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners.

Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

He is our peace.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive

power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength,
and honour, and glory, and blessing.

The God of hope fill you with all joy and
peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope,
through the power of the Holy Spirit.

God forbid that we should glory, save in the
cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are
alive from the dead.

We then, as workers together with him,
beseech you also that ye receive not the grace
of God in vain.

Walk as children of the light: being filled
with the fruits of righteousness, which are by
Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God.

Grace be with all them that love our Lord
Jesus Christ in sincerity.

4.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this
cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ:
for it is the power of God unto salvation to
every one that believeth.

We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the reconciliation.

For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them who are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.

Therefore, my brethren dearly beloved, so stand fast in the Lord.

Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.

He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me.

He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.

I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : and I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.

I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth.

I am the bread of life.

Be not faithless, but believing.

He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation ; but is passed from death to life.

If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.

Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.

He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.
Ye are complete in him.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

If ye love me, keep my commandments.

He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me: and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him.

If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him

will I confess also before my Father who is in heaven.

Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father who is in heaven.

If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed ; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed.

Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say ?

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock : and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house ; and it fell not : for it was founded upon a rock.

Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and

undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory: receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus!

IV.

To A FRIEND AT NORWICH.

YOUR letter, my dear Friend, has given me sincere pleasure. Most gladly do I send you the particulars you request relative to our Anniversary Commemoration of the Lord's Supper. The Observance deepens in interest. Aged communicants, who warmed to the idea when first we began it, are gone to their rest bearing testimony to its worth and importance; young friends have grown up in the annual enjoyment, and now as heads of families cherish the sacred delight in their home endearments. Not a year have we had it but new communicants have joined us, nor do we know of one who has ever partaken that has relaxed in his regard for it. Ministers of religion of very various belief and modes of worship, other persons from most widely differing spheres of life and habits of thought and feeling and pursuit, have con-

curred in expressing their heartfelt approval of such an annual Service; and not a few, their astonishment that it should not have long ago become general throughout the Christian world, so obviously connected as it is with known dates and the most important facts in our Saviour's history.

The reasonableness of the Commemoration has worked its quiet way, till we have had the satisfaction of hearing from time to time of other Congregations having gradually adopted it. Not only have these tidings come from distant parts of England, but from America and from Van Dieman's Land friends and fellow-worshipers have sent congratulations, gratefully mentioning that they had also begun to enjoy it. And it has been very pleasant to reflect, as we were going up to our own peaceful sanctuary, that other bands of worshipers were assembling at the same time around their board of Remembrance; and yet more, the animating thought, that that full moon, now shining upon us, as it went from land to land would be successively ushering in the same solemn eventide to other worshipers, and calling other

friends, far remote, to the same Feast of Commemoration.

* * * * *

The fact that our Brethren of the House of Israel are about the same time of year celebrating their Passover,—that Feast at which our Saviour was sacrificed, a greater Passover for the whole world,—adds greatly to the impressiveness of our own Anniversary. We remember that this essentially Christian Memorial sprung out of that preparatory and truly national institution; and as the Chosen People, unlike all others, still keep the Feast, exclusively national, we remember the words of the Redeemer, “Salvation is of the Jews.” This continued celebration of their Passover from the time of Christ to our own, we feel bears living testimony, in ever-lengthening chain, to the death of Christ, and therefore to the life that brought on that death, and to the great characteristic events inseparably connected with it: and the very fact, that this testimony comes from a whole nation, scattered among all other nations, and yet through all those intervening

centuries celebrating the Feast with one accord; — a nation denying the Divine claims of Jesus as the Christ, and through all that period conscientiously and perseveringly opposing the assertions of his disciples; incalculable is the expressiveness. While to some it may seem to savour of irreconcilable contrariety, to us it brings light out of darkness, peace out of discord! We feel, "This is the LORD's doing!" And, as human wisdom could never have achieved, the universal Father, from the opposing efforts of Brethren, alike conscientious and determined, handed down intense from father to son for nearly two thousand years,—is progressively maturing that all-comprehending Kingdom of peace and love which shall eventually bring in all nations; "and there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd." As we dwell upon these refreshing assurances, our hearts soften towards our Brethren of Israel. We call to mind how much we owe to that prophetic People, whose whole existence conspired to prepare the way for this great event, of universal import. We remember the promise to their first great Founder, that in his seed all the

nations of the earth should be blessed. And in this healing spirit we would that those sadly persecuted fellow-worshipers, — so devoted through life and death and every most aggravated spoliation and contumely, to the same God and Father of our Lord,—we would that the Children of Israel may be more and more abundantly cherished and blessed—by Christians pre-eminently—as Brethren beloved !

* * * * *

The next moon, my Friend, will be the Passover moon. Already our young Friends have begun to talk of it, in pleasant anticipation. As we watch it from year to year, gradually filling its crescent and approaching the full,—“So,” we say to one another, “our Saviour would look at it as he went up with his disciples from Galilee to Jerusalem to his last Passover ! ” And the sacred associations of this great crowning event of his ministry come gathering inspiringly ; those portions of the Sacred Records which more nearly refer to it are read with fresh desire ; Friends take sweet counsel together ; Oh ! none can tell, but those

who have felt it, what happy feelings fill the heart as friends and kindred walk thus in company to the House of God that solemn evening!

* * * * *

March 23rd, 1857.

V.

TO THE YOUNG PERSONS OF MY BELOVED FLOCK.

My dear Young Friends,

THE time is drawing nigh for our celebrating the Anniversary of our Saviour's instituting the Lord's Supper. You know something of the delight we have long felt in this annual Commemoration. As the season comes round, most of you have been accustomed from your childhood to hear friends and kindred speak of it with religious fervour; some of you have begun to join us in our happy gatherings around the Lord's Table. So cherishing has been the influence of these Anniversary Solemnities, that by degrees another kindred Commemoration began to be desired. From the first we had been accustomed to celebrate our Saviour's Resurrection with a triumphal service on the morning of Easter Sunday; we had now for some years commemorated his instituting

the Lord's Supper on the Thursday evening before he suffered; but we had no service for the following morning to commemorate his Crucifixion. The want of such a service became more and more felt. Friends frequently spoke of it with growing desire; till at length the Congregation met, and after ample and earnest deliberation, resolved on such a service for the following Good Friday. But though none voted against it, all were not equally assured of its permanent desirableness, and the vote was therefore simply for that year, and avowedly as an experiment.

As the day drew near, the tone of feeling became deep and fervent, especially during the preceding days of that last eventful week in our Saviour's ministry. The first time we met in our House of Prayer for this service, all were powerfully impressed. I doubt whether any of us had ever had so awful an impression of the event before. We were come up emphatically to commemorate our Lord's crucifixion and death. The Lord's Supper the evening before had prepared us for the death he had so feelingly foretold he should

die on the morrow. The morrow was come. And the sufferings and death of Jesus came upon us with a power and impressiveness that was decisive. All felt it. There was a grandeur in these associated Commemorations, an awfulness of joy and gratefulness, near to Jesus.

I shall never forget my own feelings the next day, Saturday. The excitement of celebration had ceased, friends had dispersed and gone to their own homes, and all was still. I was alone. I felt, "This is still the sabbath with our Brethren the Jews." And that desolate sabbath came to mind, when the first friends of Jesus were so utterly cast down in gloom and despair—"We trusted that it had been he who should have redeemed Israel." But now—their Lord and Master was dead; they had laid his body in the sepulchre; their enemies had triumphed; and they went back disconsolate; and only waited till the sabbath should be over,—when they would return to the sepulchre, and anoint the body, and take their last sad leave of the Friend they had lost. "For as yet they knew not that he must rise again from the dead."

Then came the morning of the Resurrection !
And all was light and fearfulness of joy !

You remember, my young Friends, how happy we were last Good Friday, in the midst of these clustering Celebrations. The spring of the year was pleasant and bright. A beloved and revered Friend and Pastor had come from a distance to help our joy. You remember with what feeling he administered the Lord's Supper on the Thursday evening; how affectionately he discoursed of the Saviour's crucifixion and death on the following morning; and in the evening of that day he joined us again at the tea-table, when we were assembled as a larger family in our upper school-room, to spend the evening happily together. Everything was delightful. The room was beautifully decorated with willing hands; the Congregation had brought many of their friends with them; and every sound and every countenance was peace and pleasantness. When that Friend rose to address us after tea, you remember with what earnestness he spoke of these united Celebrations. He said, " You do well to make these Commemo-

rations a season of cheerfulness and social joy. The Lord's death was not designed to depress his friends, and fill them with gloom. You remember what I said to you from the Lord's Table last night,—that that commemorative Feast, though intended to keep the sufferings and death of our Saviour fresh and influential in remembrance, had yet been called, and it was admirably called, a EUCHARIST—the meaning is, a THANKSGIVING. For while it led to his death—and so dreadful a death—that death was followed by his Resurrection! And how can we be too thankful for so inestimable a blessing? You do well, my Friends, to meet and rejoice thus on this solemn day! You do well to train up your children in these happy associations!" And so with overflowing heart he went on discoursing to the delight of us all.

My young Friends, it rejoices your Pastor's heart to see you joining us at the Lord's Table. Some of you have taken this important step; he would fain hope others are ripening for it. Perhaps some may doubt, while they desire it, whether they are old enough to take their

place among their elders on so solemn an occasion. When I was a child, I was very much impressed with a remark made by a beloved Pastor, affectionate and happy in his influence with young persons, and the sound judgment of that remark has strengthened with me since. He was speaking of the Lord's Supper. He said, he would never urge any one to come to the Lord's Table; but that he earnestly encouraged them, if they felt themselves prepared. He would have disciples come young to the Lord's Table. "He who loved the young man who came running to him seeking salvation;—he who took little children up in his arms, and blessed them, and said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God;—the Lord Jesus would have the young come to him in all the freshness of their desire and self-devoting earnestness. I would have little children brought tenderly and pleasantly to see the Lord's Supper, at times, as a sacred privilege; and when they are about fifteen years old, I think them old enough to make the choice, if they are earnest in spirit and seriously desire it."

Next month we are looking forward to the happiness of again celebrating this delightful Anniversary. Perhaps some of you may feel yourselves prepared to join us then. What more happy time to make the choice? Look at the Passover moon. Think how the Lord Jesus would look at it, as he was going up to Jerusalem, in the stillness of his prophetic soul. And may a Father's blessing attend your decision!

February 22nd, 1864.

VI.

TO THE HIGH STREET CONGREGATION OF
CHRISTIANS, PORTSMOUTH.

With a copy of the “Service for commemorating the Anniversary of our Saviour’s Instituting the Lord’s Supper ;” which had just been published.

My dear Friends,

Will you do me the kindness to accept the accompanying “Service for commemorating the Anniversary of our Saviour’s Instituting the Lord’s Supper?”

Some of you may remember, that, ten years ago, at this time of the year, I was prostrated by a very severe illness ; which had for some weeks caused the cessation of my active ministry, and which led to the termination of my being your Pastor in the following April. I was so enfeebled, that I could only see my nearest friends ; one at a time ; and that,

only for a few minutes. And none of us expected any thing—but approaching death. That was my own feeling. Every thing that interested me — seemed imbued with that expectation. And in that most awful trial ;— I bless God, that I found comfort—in our Saviour's Revealings; and, supremely, in the love and conscious presence of our Heavenly Father.

This extreme prostration continued for weeks :—when—by degrees—I began to gain a little strength; if strength—at all—it could be called,—in such extreme weakness. But this incipient restoration—went on gradually gaining a little more vigour, of both body and mind,—and capability of conversing with friends a little longer at a time. And, as the prospect of progressive restoration seemed gradually more promising; fervent friends,—constant partakers at the Lord's Table for many years past,—began to intimate,—gently,—their desire,—that,—if practicable,—I might—once more—administer the Lord's Supper for them—at the approaching Anniversary. My own desires went thoroughly

with it. But,—to begin with,—we all felt it—very doubtful,—whether I could be equal to it. The Passover moon would be at the full in the first week in April. And—irresistibly—heart and soul were given to it—meanwhile.

At first, I thought of simply using a former Service. For—to attempt composition, was out of the question. But, on looking over my former Anniversary Services:—one after another was laid down again—with a feeling of mournful disappointment. None of them seemed fully in tone with my present thought and feeling. I took my pencil, and put down thought — after thought — upon paper ; but scarcely daring to hope, that I could complete a new Service. But, after some weeks, I had composed a new Service. And, through the blessing of our Heavenly Father,—I was permitted to administer the Lord's Supper among you, on that most solemn,—and happy —Thursday Evening.

In the “Observations on celebrating the Anniversary of our Saviour's Instituting the Lord's Supper;” the fourth edition of which

I had the happiness of dedicating to you rather more than twelve years ago, in circumstances of more than usual Congregational interest and mutual congratulation; you have the first of our Anniversary Services. The Service which I now send for your acceptance, was the one composed for the last of these Anniversary Commemorations—which it was my privilege to solemnize among you. Parts which the state of my health during the time of composing and using it would not allow of my carrying out so far as I desired, are here given more fully; in the hope of increasing its permanent usefulness.

It is now more than thirty-seven years since we began to solemnize these delightful Anniversary Commemorations. Not a year has passed since then—without our having this beautifully impressive Renewal in Christ. And the interest in it has gone on steadily growing. It has been looked forward to, year by year, with fresh desire. Habitual partakers at the Lord's Table, now removed from us by death, have often, and very fervently, expressed their gratefulness for it;

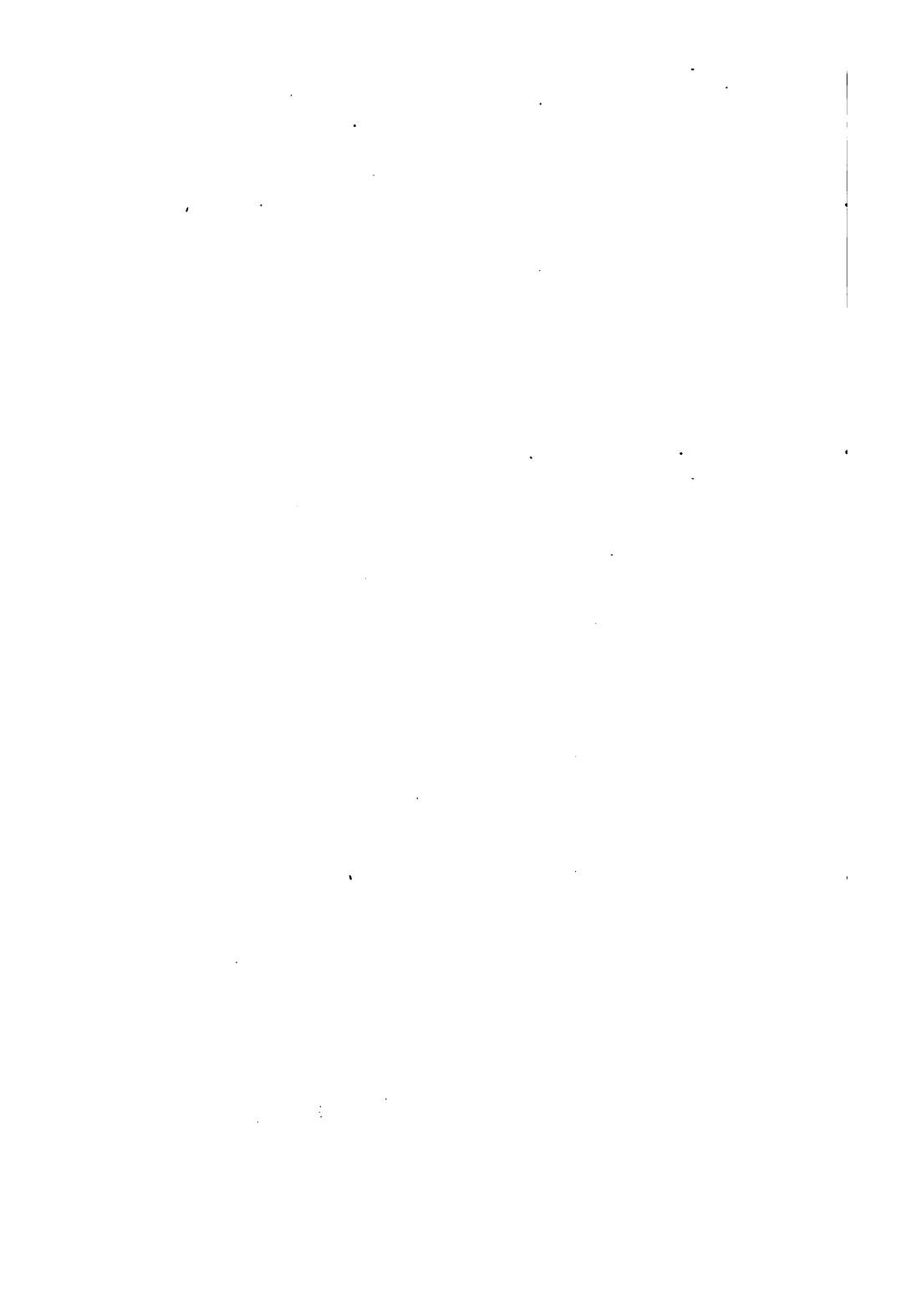
as a blessing to themselves, and to those near and dear to them. They have called it,—with enthusiasm,—“An invaluable Christian Influence!”—and would often speak,—with glowing anticipation, and kindling countenance,—of its being capable of effecting incalculable good;—as it becomes more generally known and appreciated. And then,—they would express their desire,—griefingly,—that more,—many—many more,—might be induced to join in it, and share its blessings.

Most earnestly joining in this desire, and feeling sure that the progressive advances which this Anniversary Observance has been steadily, however quietly, making, will go on with increasing vigour, as it becomes more extensively known;

I remain,
My Sisters and Brothers in Christ!
Your sincere Friend,

HENRY HAWKES.

ELM GROVE, SOUTHSEA,
December 18th, 1880.



ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

Let us pray.

* * * * *

HYMN.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,—
Weary pilgrim, hither haste!

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn ;
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace, that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ADDRESS.

THE Redeemer of the world limits his blessings to no time or place. Dying that all might live, the Son of God rose to glorify God's universal family. But Jesus would bring his disciples near to him. "I have called you Friends."

There are times and seasons when man's feebleness feels more than usually refreshed, when the dullness of mortality quickens to a sense of more kindling fervours, when the shades of our imperfection brighten, conscious to some more heavenly visitation : those that sit in darkness see unwonted light ; earth smiles responsive to heaven ; more living beauteousness warms in the ministrations of love ; our souls rise within us more rejoicing,—strengthened for nearer approaches to God, — more earnest in Divine powers of self-devotion ! To me, my friends, the present is one of those. Year after year, the present season has long been ripening in more than mortal interests to my

growing consciousness of our Lord's redeeming power. A solemnity comes over the whole tone of my thought and feeling as the present time of year draws on. The universal Saviour seems to draw nigh,—more distinct, more feelingly near, more immediately impressive in his appeal. I remember that this was the time of year his ministry on earth was brought to a close. This is one of those momentous junctures in our Lord's history that fix more deeply, more strongly, the feeling of his really having lived, and taught, and suffered for us, and died for us, and risen,—the Resurrection and the Life. From the time of our Saviour's ministry on earth, and many hundred years before, this season of the year has been familiar to history, essentially known to great national events,—now more deeply solemnized to ourselves by the certainty of the time when our beloved Saviour last reclined at table with his Disciples before he was crucified.

It was Thursday evening. Jesus, with his Disciples, had come up to Jerusalem to join with their People in the celebration of the Passover. And now they were met around

their Paschal board in the guest-chamber, where Jesus had directed the Disciples to make ready the Feast. The Disciples partook in the national spirit of that great annual festival. They saw their Brethren assembling by thousands from all parts of the land ; the stirring scene, the pleasant time of year, the groups bearing to the Temple their joyous offerings of first-fruits, all conspired to fill them with delightful emotions, and enliven their remembrance of the great national triumph they were assembled—a nation—to celebrate.

Not so Jesus. Jesus had done with all these earthly scenes of excitement. His days were numbered. Another night,—and that no night of repose,—was all that remained to him on this side the tomb. He had come up to that festival full of prophetic self-devotion. His spirit was gathering—awful in sorrowfulness. He was about to offer himself in sacrifice,—a greater Passover,—for the whole world. With what unutterable concern did Jesus look upon his Disciples as he reclined among them for the last time before that great crowning event of all his redeeming sorrows ! “With desire I

have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer: for I say unto you, I will not any more eat thereof, until it be fulfilled in the Kingdom of God." And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the Disciples, and said, "Take, eat; this is my body." And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the New Covenant, which is shed for many for the remission of sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom."

How deeply must the Apostles have felt this solemnity; seeing the heavenly Jesus, reclining among them, break that bread, present that cup, and hearing those words from his own lips, in all the inspiring powerfulness of those deep tender tones that would come breathing forth the soul of the Redeemer! "This do in remembrance of me." How must it have impressed them afterwards, when that voice was no longer heard amongst them, when they had received the prophetic promise of the Holy Spirit, when

they were enabled to understand the full meaning of the Memorial, when the body of Jesus had been broken for them on the cross ;—his blood, poured forth a costly libation to seal the New Covenant of God's love for his children,—the heart-breaking desolateness of this bereavement over,—their beloved Master risen triumphant over the last enemy,—ascended, glorified, to prepare for his friends mansions in heaven ! With what hallowed delight must they have celebrated the last supper then ! What interesting, soul-kindling remembrances must it have raised, of the time when last they reclined around their Friend,—now in heaven ! —and listened to his words of love, warmed by his encouragements, penetrated by his admonitions ! Those lips had since been sealed in death, and quickened afresh with a spirit never to die. They had communed with him after death, felt the Divine peace of his presence, been empowered by him to carry on the work of the Gospel, and seen him ascend glorified. As they broke bread after this, how feelingly would their Lord and Master be brought home to their hearts ! As they poured forth wine,—oh ! what thoughts

would burn within them ; what a scene, which they had witnessed at Golgotha, when they saw the blood dropping from the cross ! The sufferings of Jesus now live afresh to them ; his Divine excellence shines upon them more animating ; his heavenly submission softens their hearts ; his power, unconquerable, of love to God and man, pours the same unconquerable soul of purpose in all their ministry.

And we, my Friends, are assembled to commemorate the same Solemnity. "As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death, till he come." Though our heavenly Master is withdrawn from our view,—though he is exalted to pure heights far beyond our present powers to reach,—assembling thus around the Lord's Table, we bring him near to our hearts. His spirit warms upon us : the closing scene of his ministry lives to our remembrance : we see him reclining for the last time among his Friends, on that sorrowful evening when he knew that his hour was at hand. He looks with unearthly interest on that little band of brethren. He reflects with prophetic eye on his infant church,—the

dangers and difficulties surrounding it: still, sure of its perfect triumph,—looking forward through the clouds of futurity,—he sees disciples rising in lengthening succession, who could not enjoy the animating encouragement of his seen presence ; and, full of affectionate devotedness, he says, pointing to this bread and this wine, “This do in remembrance of me.”

Yes, Lord ! we will do this in remembrance of thee.

God grant us grace to feel the heavenly power of the Memorial, solemnizing our whole souls to his redeeming service !—through Jesus Christ. Amen.

BREAKING THE BREAD.

I break this bread in remembrance of the body of Jesus Christ, which was broken for us upon the cross.

I partake of this bread with renewed desires to live as a Friend of Jesus. And so partake ye all.

**PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE REPEATED WHILE THE
BREAD WAS TAKEN ROUND TO THE CONGREGA-
TION.**

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.
Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away
the sin of the world !
By the obedience of one shall many be made
righteous.
Greater love hath no man than this, that a
man lay down his life for his friends.



POURING OUT THE WINE.

I pour out this wine in remembrance of the
blood of Christ, which was shed for many for
the remission of sins.

I partake of this cup—thankful to God for
the Redeemer who died for us ; and resolved
to make his Gospel the law of my life. And
so partake ye all.

PORTIONS OF SCRIPTURE REPEATED WHILE
THE WINE WAS TAKEN ROUND.

He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God.

He gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also abounding by Christ.

He is our peace.

God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.



HYMN.

Behold where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers gathering round
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

" Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.

" Whose breast expands with generous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

“ He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

“ To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views through mercy’s melting eye
A brother in a foe.

“ Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

“ To him protection shall be shewn,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.”

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NOTES.

Let us pray.

* * * * *

May the grace of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ be with us all, now and ever-
more. Amen.

NOTES.



N O T E S.

PAGE 10.

The first mentioned of these two Ministers, was the Rev. Joseph Calrow Means, of London. The other, was the Rev. Edmund Kell ; many years resident at Newport, in the Isle of Wight ; and afterwards at Southampton.

PAGE 13.

My invaluable Friend the late Mr. Howse, of Bath, to whom these Hind Observations were addressed, told me, that an excellent Clergyman of one of the less conspicuous churches in Bath had many years before been accustomed to have a special evening service in his

church on the Thursday before Good Friday; always taking for the subject of his sermon, "Our Lord's Last Supper;" and that immediately after the service, he "administered the Sacrament," as they expressed it, to all who wished to partake. He said, that good Clergyman had long been dead; and he had not heard of any other continuing the practice.

PAGE 18.

The "patriarchal Friend"—was the Rev. George Armstrong, of Bristol.

PAGE 32.

The "Friend at Norwich," to whom this reply was sent, was J. Withers Dowson, Esq.

PAGE 41.

The "beloved and revered Friend and Pastor"—was the Rev. John James Tayler; then Principal of Manchester New College, London.

PAGE 43.

The "beloved Pastor"—was my Father.

The following is the Dedication which was prefixed to the fourth edition.

TO

MY BELOVED FLOCK.

ELM GROVE, SOUTHSEA, Jan. 13th, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

A Fourth Edition of these Observations being required, I dedicate it to you, in pleasing remembrance of an annual observance which has been happily maturing amongst us during the last twenty-five years. I do so with the more pleasure now, because this new Edition happens to be called for at a time peculiarly interesting to you as a Congregation. The present year brings with it your third Jubilee since the building of your venerable house of prayer ; and while you are providing for other modes of celebrating this important period in your congregational life, this little incident may perhaps be a not unacceptable contribution to the mementos long to be cherished in the heart of your united brotherhood. That a Divine blessing may prosper the Redeemer's work amongst us throughout our own time, and carry it forward with increasing life and effectiveness among those who are to follow us, is the prayer of

Your affectionate and devoted Pastor,

HENRY HAWKES.

